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B E W A R E

10¢

IT'S TIM!
HE WON'T
STAY
BURIED!

I TOLD YOU
WE'D NEVER
GET AWAY
WITH MURDER!

REPT/RTA
Beware:
**"The THING
FROM
BEYOND"**



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THE THING FROM BEYOND

HUGO WANTED ONLY POPULARITY BUT IT WASN'T EASY TO FIND...ESPECIALLY WHEN HE HAD KILLED FOUR PEOPLE TO GET WHAT HE WANTED! HORROR WAITED FOR HIM OUT THERE...OUT THERE IN THE SWAMP...A CREATURE EXISTING ONLY FOR REVENGE...THE THING HE HAD TRIED TO FORGET...



HUGO, THE GRAVEYARD CARETAKER, HAD ONLY ONE AMBITION...TO BE LOVED! BUT HE MADE THE MISTAKE OF WANTING VIRGINIA BARTON, THE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG SWEETHEART OF CARL...



PLEASE DON'T HURT HIM, CARL. HE DIDN'T OFFEND ME!

THIS WILL TEACH HIM TO STAY AWAY FROM YOU!

DON'T HIT ME AGAIN! I-I WON'T GO NEAR HER ANYMORE! I-I DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM!

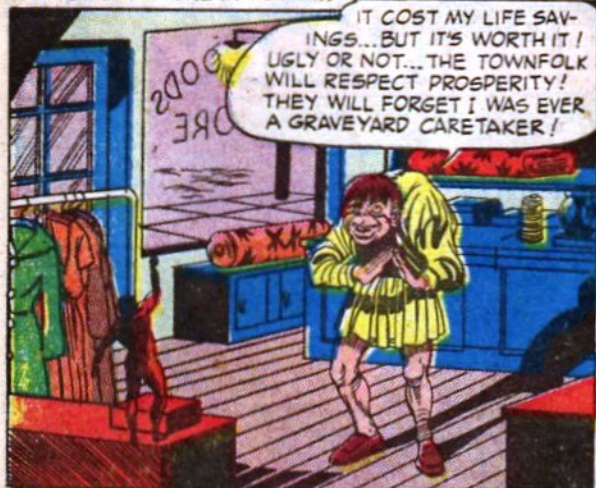
NOW GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I MAKE YOUR FACE EVEN UGLIER THAN IT IS!



I'LL FIX YOU, CARL! I'LL GO BACK TO YOUR ROTTEN CORPSES, FIX YOU CARETAKER, YOU HAVE NO GOOD! RIGHT HERE AT THE FESTIVAL! DANCING IS NOT FOR WRETCHED CREATURES LIKE YOU!



SO HUGO VANISHED INTO THE FOREST... ONLY TO RE-EMERGE A FEW DAYS LATER AS SHOPKEEPER OF A SMALL DRY-GOODS STORE IN TOWN...



HUGO'S DESIRE TO PROSPER PROVED TOO TRYING WITH THE LADIES OF THE TOWN! IN FACT, THEY TOLD HIM SO!



FORCED INTO BANKRUPTCY THROUGH HIS OWN GREEDY AMBITIONS, HUGO WENT TO SEE FOSTER, THE TOWN'S BANKER...



SO HUGO WITHDREW INTO HIS OWN LITTLE WORLD... A WORLD SILENT AND SOMBER... THE WORLD OF THE DEAD...



BUT HUGO TRIED ONE MORE ALTERNATIVE...ONE MORE CHANCE AT ESCAPING HIS FATE...

AND ONE MONTH LATER, BACK AT DOCTOR TOLLENS' OFFICE...



REMEMBER, HUGO...I CAN'T GUARANTEE YOU SUCCESS! THIS FACIAL OPERATION MAY LEAVE YOU EVEN MORE HORRIBLY DEFORMED!

SPARE ME SERMONS DR. TOLLENS! JUST FINISH IT!



NOW IS THE TIME, DOCTOR! AT LAST I'LL BE ACCEPTED AS A HUMAN BEING! AT LAST THIS FACE OF MINE WILL BE NORMAL!



AAAAH! FEE!

SO HUGO RAN OUT INTO THE NIGHT...DOOMED FOREVER TO BRUTAL REALITY!

FOUR PEOPLE HUGO HATED ABOVE ALL...AND THE FIRST WOULD SOON DIE! CARL HAD STRONG HANDS...HANDS HUGO HAD PLANNED SOMETHING VERY SPECIAL FOR...



MY FACE! YOU'VE RUINED MY FACE! I'LL GET EVEN! I'LL HAVE MY REVENGE ON YOU! ALL OF YOU!

WAIT, HUGO! STOP!



YOUNG FARMER WITH STRONG HANDS, CARL! THAT'S IT! CLIMB ON YOUR THRESHING MACHINE! TOUCH THE GEARS, CARL! TOUCH THEM!



A-A-A-GHH! MY HANDS! MY HANDS! HELP ME! I'LL DIE!

YES, CARL! YOU'LL DIE! NOTHING WILL STOP THE FLOW OF BLOOD FROM THOSE SEVERED HANDS. WE'RE ALL ALONE, CARL... JUST YOU AND I!

PLEASE...SAVE ME! I-I'M DYING! I CAN'T STAND THIS HORRIBLE PAIN! THAT'S IT, CARL! BEG ME! HA! HA! I'M NOT THE HELPLESS LITTLE HUNCHBACK ANYMORE, AM I? BEG ME, CARL! BEG ME! ...AND DIE!



STEP ONE IN HUGO'S GRISLY PLAN!...A COFFIN LAID AT HIS FEET AND A HATED ENEMY ELIMINATED!



I'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOU, CARL! BUT YOU'LL SOON HAVE COMPANY! YOUR HANDS NEED BRAINS TO GUIDE THEM... BUSINESS BRAINS!

A FEW DAYS LATER, AS VICTOR WENT TO WORK ONE MORNING...



YOU'RE HERE LIKE CLOCKWORK, VICTOR! SO PROMPT AND SO DEPENDABLE! YOU'RE KNOWN TO CROSS THIS HIGH BRIDGE EVERY DAY BACK AND FORTH FROM WORK. YES, VICTOR! YOU HAVE BRAINS!



YOU'RE OUT-OF-BUSINESS, VICTOR! HOW DOES IT FEEL!

YA-A-A-
YAA-A-A-HAH!

STEP TWO...AND HUGO REJOICED...



WELCOME, VICTOR! MAKE FRIENDS WITH CARL AND BE CONTENT UNTIL I BRING YOU A THIRD ACQUAINTANCE!... OUR GOOD FRIEND MR. FOSTER!

SO BANKER FOSTER HAD A VISITOR A FEW NIGHT LATER...



HA! HA! YOUR TIME HAS COME, FOSTER!

WHO'S... THAT? WHAT DO YOU WANT?



YOUR LIFE, FOSTER! YOUR MISERABLE LIFE!

A-RR-GHGH! MY HEART! ...OHH.H.H...MY HEART!

STEP THREE AND HUGO WAS OVERJOYED...



A BAD HEART IS NEVER AN ASSET, FOSTER! HOW WILL ANYONE EVER THINK IT WAS MURDER? HOW INDEED... WHEN YOU DIED OF A FRIGHTENED HEART? HA! HA!

AND THREE WEEKS AFTERWARDS
IN THE LABORATORY, DR. TOLLENS...



NOW HE FACED HIS FOUR ENEMIES ONCE AGAIN... THE STRONG YOUNG MAN, THE BUSINESS RIVAL, THE BANKER THE DOCTOR... FOUR BODIES SO SILENT AND COOPERATIVE AT LAST...

HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE DEAD, GENTLEMEN? WHERE ARE YOUR POWERFUL HANDS, CARL? WHERE IS YOUR BRAIN, VICTOR? YOUR HEART, FOSTER? YOUR EYES, DOCTOR?



LIKE THIS FOR INSTANCE / OH-H... I'M GOING TO HAVE FUN! I CAN MAKE YOU SUFFER FOR A CHANGE, AS YOU MADE ME SUFFER!



SINCE I'M TO BE YOUR CARE TAKER... SINCE I'M THE TOWN GRAVE-DIGGER AND BURIAL EXPERT, I'LL DO JUST THAT! I'LL GET RID OF YOUR BODIES AND KEEP WHAT I NEED! I'M SURE YOU WON'T OBJECT! HA! HA! HA!



NIGHT AFTER NIGHT HUGO GOT HIS HORRIBLE REVENGE. NIGHT AFTER NIGHT HE BEAT, KICKED, GOUGED MAULED, TORTURED THAT ROTTEN GIANT CORPSE UNTIL IT BLOATED BEYOND ALL HUMAN SHAPE...

THERE! THERE! THERE! SUFFER! SUFFER! SUFFER!



WHAT CAN YOUR HANDS DO NOW, CARL? WHAT CAN YOUR BRAIN TELL YOU NOW VICTOR?

AND YOUR SKINFLINT HEART, FOSTER. OF WHAT USE IS IT NOW?... YOUR EYES, DOCTOR... CAN THEY EVER SERVE YOU AGAIN IN SURGICAL OPERATIONS? NO, NO! THEY NEVER WILL!



SO HUGO PLAYED HIS LITTLE GAME OF REVENGE UNTIL HE HAD ENOUGH! THEN ONE NIGHT AT THE SWAMP, NEAR THE EDGE OF THE GRAVEYARD...

DOWN YOU GO, MY WORTHY! YOUR FLESH STINKS... AND YOUR BODY DECAYS! IT'S TIME YOU HAD SOME REST!



GOODBYE! GOODBYE! HA, HA...



BUT HAD HUGO TURNED AROUND, HE WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SO HAPPY... FOR RISING OUT OF THE PUTRID SLIME, CAME...



CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT

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A man in a blue suit is running through a grassy field towards a city skyline in the distance. A large, gnarled tree trunk is in the foreground on the right. A bright yellow lightning bolt strikes the sky above the city. The scene is set at night or dusk, with a dark, stormy sky.

SURPRISED-TO-SEE-ME-HUGO? YOUR-BEATING IMPRESSED ME ONLY TOO WELL!

NO, NO! I-I'M DREAMING! YOU'RE DEAD! I THREW YOU INTO THAT SWAMP!

THEN I'LL DOUBLE BACK ON MY TRACKS! HE'LL HAVE A HARD TIME SEEING ME IN THIS GLOOM! PUFF... PUFF...

I SEE YOU, HUGO! MY EYES ARE JUST AS SHARP AS BEFORE! AFTER ALL, DIDN'T I USE THEM TO OPERATE ON YOU?

MY HANDS WON'T LET ME!
THEY DEMAND THE RIGHT
TO HOLD YOU! WASN'T IT
YOU WHO
CUT THEM
OFF?

DON'T KILL ME LIKE THIS / PLEASE... PLEASE!
I--I DON'T WANT TO DIE AS UGLY AS I AM
...I DON'T WANT TO DIE!

BEG SOME MORE,
HUGO! BEG!

I'M SORRY I BEAT
YOU! OH--LET ME
UP! IT REACHED
MY WAIST! PLEASE,
PLEASE!

I CAN'T, HUGO! RE-
MEMBER MY HEART?
IT'S A SKINFLINT'S
HEART, YOU SAID! BEG-
GING WON'T DO ANY
GOOD!

AND IT'S SO QUIET HERE! JUST YOU AND
I, HUGO! YOUR DEATH WILL BE A
MYSTERY! DOESN'T THAT THRILL YOU?
HA! HA!

PLEASE, PLEASE!

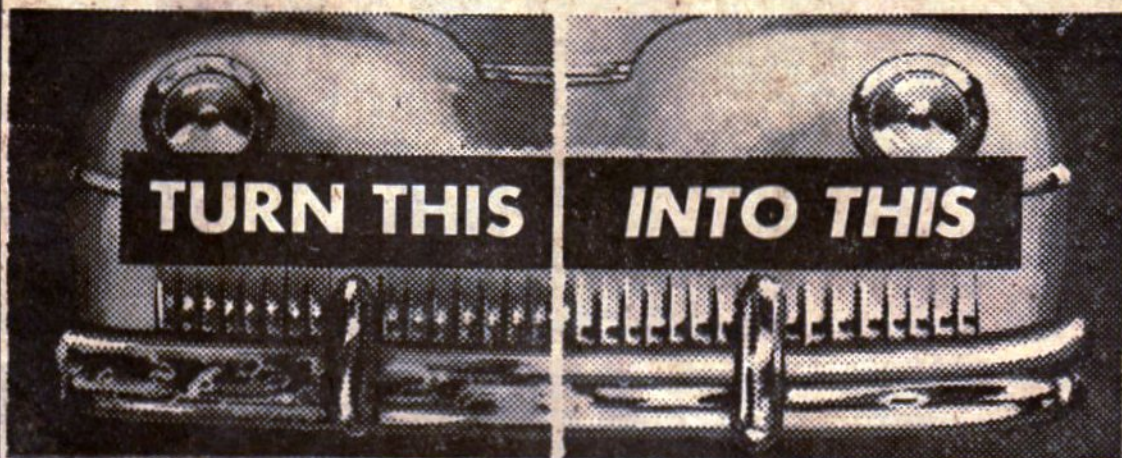


NOR DID THE
TOWNSPEOPLE
EVER FIND HUGO!
BUT SEVEN
YEARS LATER
A TREE AROSE
... A TREE
NEVER BEFORE
SEEN BY
HUMAN EYES
... A STRANGE
TREE BEARING
STRANGE
FRUIT...



...TINY HANDS, EYES, BRAINS AND ONE VERY
RARE BLACK, BLACK HEART... FINAL MOCK-
ING TRIBUTE TO HUGO THE CARETAKER...
WHOSE FINAL RESTING-PLACE PRODUCED
THIS MALEVOLENT MONSTROSITY... [END] 18

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IN THE GLOOMY DUNGEON OF THE DECAYING CASTLE PROFESSOR REID FOUND THEM, THE LURID MONSTERS OF THEIR CREATORS NIGHTMARE MIND. THEY WERE ROBOTS AND THEY HAD GAINED POWER, BUT SOUGHT STILL MORE. HE ALONE KNEW THEIR DARK SECRET AND BEGGED FOR PITY, BUT PLASTIC AND METAL HAVE NO PITY...EVEN IF THEY ARE SHAPED INTO A FORM THAT SEEMS...

A L M O S T H U M A N

WE ROBOTS HAVE
ONE ADVANTAGE OVER
YOU HUMANS, PROFESSOR!
THIS WOULD NOT BE
FATAL TO US --!
WE CANNOT DIE!!

THE VILLAGE OF MOORLANDS AWAKES ONE DAY AND AS USUAL ENGLISH MORNING FOG LIFTS, SUDDENLY THEY GAPE AT THE CONTORTED FACE OF A COLD CORPSE...

IT'S NEILSON!
H-HE LOOKS DEAD!

HE HAD NO ENEMIES!
WHO'D MURDER THE
POOR BLOKE?

HE'S DEAD ALL RIGHT,
PROFESSOR REID / HE
WAS STRANGLED BY
SOME BRUTE HANDS!
LOOK AT HIS FACE...
FEAR IS WRITTEN
ALL OVER IT!

BUT LOOK AT
HIS MOUTH!
HIS TONGUE...
IT'S BEEN
RIPPED
OUT!

BUT NO ONE CAN COME TO ANY CONCLUSION ABOUT THE FOUL MURDER! TWO NIGHTS LATER, ANOTHER TONGUELESS CORPSE IS FOUND, AND ON A THIRD NIGHT...



MINUTES LATER, FOOTSTEPS ECHO DOWN THE DARK STREET AS POLICEMEN RUN UP...



BLIMY, THEY'VE CLEANED OUT THE STORE OF ALL THE WATCH PARTS!

AND I'VE JUST COME FROM AN AUTO PARTS STORE... SOME ONE BROKE IN THERE AND TOOK ALL THE PARTS TOO!

THE DAY OF CHILLING PUZZLEMENT ENDS WITH ANOTHER SINISTER DISCOVERY...



THE THIRD MURDER VICTIM AND HE'S WITHOUT HIS TONGUE! IT'S JUST LIKE THE OTHERS!

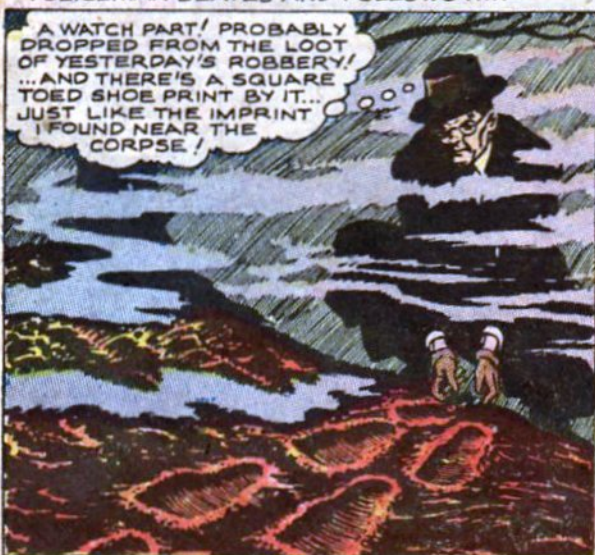
BUT WHY ARE THE TONGUES ALWAYS TAKEN FROM THE BODIES? AND IS THERE ANY CONNECTION BETWEEN THESE BRUTAL SLAYINGS AND THE ROBBERIES?



IT'S BEYOND ME, PROFESSOR REID! I CAN'T MAKE A THING OUT OF IT! SCOTLAND YARD'S SENDING A TOP MAN IN A DAY OR TWO!

THAT'S FINE... BUT HOW MANY MORE TONGUELESS CORPSES WILL TURN UP BEFORE HE ARRIVES?

PROFESSOR REID, THE NOTED ANTHROPOLOGIST, FINDS A FOOTPRINT BY THE CORPSE AFTER THE POLICEMAN LEAVES AND FOLLOWS IT...



A WATCH PART! PROBABLY DROPPED FROM THE LOOT OF YESTERDAY'S ROBBERY! ...AND THERE'S A SQUARE TOED SHOE PRINT BY IT... JUST LIKE THE IMPRINT I FOUND NEAR THE CORPSE!

THERE'S NOTHING OUT THIS WAY EXCEPT GATESBY CASTLE, THAT'S WHERE THE QUEER INVENTOR RETIRED FIVE YEARS AGO! WE HAVEN'T HEARD OF THAT ECCENTRIC OLD MAN SINCE THEN... BUT THESE FOOTPRINTS HEAD STRAIGHT FOR THE CASTLE!



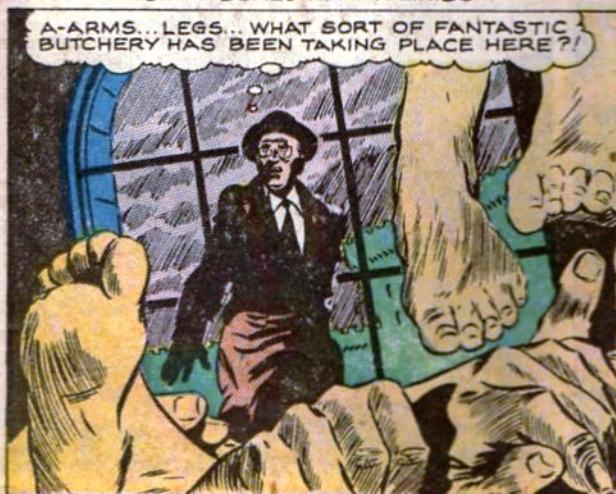
ACROSS THE ROTTING DRAW BRIDGE, REID WALKS, AS MANGY RATS SCURRY FROM THEIR DISTURBED HIDING PLACES...



WITH A MOURNFUL CREAK, THE HUGE DOOR SWINGS OPEN, REVEALING A SCENE OF UTTER DESOLATION AND MACABRE DECAY...



SUDDENLY, HIS EYES FOCUS IN TERROR ON A PILE OF DISMEMBERED HUMAN LIMBS...



WHEN YOU LOOK CLOSE...YOU'LL NOTICE THOSE ARE NOT HUMAN LIMBS!



WHO ARE YOU?
JONSON, I LIVE HERE, BUT PERHAPS I SHOULD ASK WHO YOU ARE...AS YOU'RE THE INTRUDER HERE!



QUICKLY PROF. REID INTRODUCES HIMSELF, AS THE STRANGE MAN TURNS UP THE ARM...



THERE WAS AN OLD MAN, RATHER AN ODD FELLOW WHO WAS AN INVENTOR...

MY TEACHER! I WAS HIS ASSISTANT! HE DIED A FEW MONTHS AGO, BUT WITH THE KNOWLEDGE THAT HE HAD MADE A HUMAN LOOKING, **SPEAKING** ROBOT!



A ROBOT WHO SPEAKS?

YES! BUT YOU SEE, SOME OF OUR ROBOTS RECENTLY BROKE LOOSE! THEY RAIDED THE TOWN'S STORES FOR MECHANICAL PARTS. SOME MURDERED! WE NEED THE **TONGUE** OF A RECENTLY **DEAD MAN** TO MAKE THE ROBOTS SPEAK. WE CANNOT MECHANICALLY DUPLICATE A TONGUE, BUT NOW THE ROBOTS ARE UNDER CONTROL!



THE DOOR OPENS, REVEALING THE FANTASTIC SIGHT OF ALMOST-HUMAN LOOKING MECHANICAL CREATURES AND WHEN JONSON QUESTIONS ONE...

YES, MASTER... I CAN SPEAK SINCE MY BROTHER ROBOTS BROUGHT ME A TONGUE! NOW THERE ARE **THREE** OF US, WHO SPEAK!

I-INCREDIBLE!



THERE ARE TWO MORE PERFECT ROBOTS! THEY NEED ONLY THE TONGUE FROM A FRESH HUMAN CORPSE AND THEY, TOO WILL SPEAK!

I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE MY SENSES, BUT IF THERE ARE THREE TALKING ROBOTS... YOU'VE USED ALL THE VICTIMS TONGUES! HOW WILL YOU GET MORE?



I WANT NO MORE NEEDLESS KILLING! I SHALL STEAL TWO TONGUES TONIGHT... FROM THE **MORGUE!** WILL YOU COME WITH ME?

VIOLATE THE DEAD? BUT I WOULD GIVE ANYTHING TO SEE YOU ATTACH THE TONGUE AND CREATE SPEECH IN A LIFELESS METAL SHELL! I... I'LL JOIN YOU!



THAT NIGHT, AT MIDNIGHT, PROFESSOR REID AND JONSON ENTER THE MORGUE THROUGH A BACK WINDOW AND MAKE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE CHAMBER OF DETERIORATING CORPSES!

J-JONSON! THE WATCHMAN'S COMING!





SWIFTLY AND SILENTLY, THE MURDERER AND HIS ACCOMPLICE RACE BACK TO THE GRIM CASTLE. THERE, JONSON WORKS BUSILY ON A ROBOT!



SUDDENLY JOHNSON'S KNIFE SLIPS, EMBEDDING IT'S SHARP BLADE IN HIS ARM! BUT AS HE DRAWS IT FORTH, PROF. REID WATCHES WITH SHOCKED HORROR...





QUICKLY, THE TERRIFIED PROFESSOR IS STRAPPED TO THE TABLE...



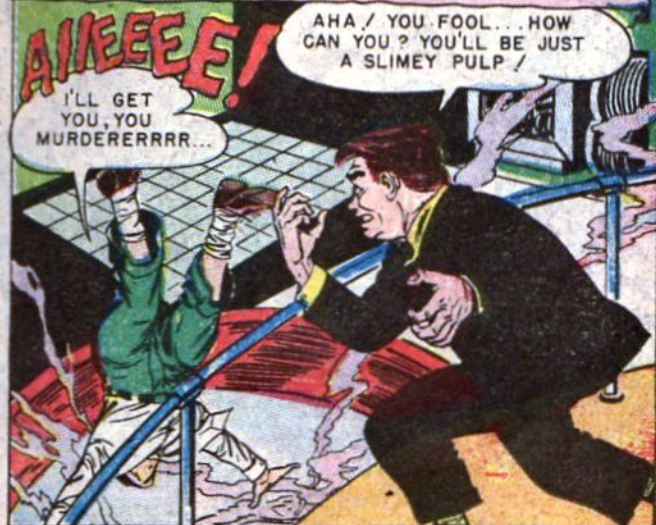
WHEN A MAN IS MURDERED... WHAT TERRIBLE SHAPES CAN HE ASSUME IF HE RETURNS FOR REVENGE? NOT ALL PHANTOMS AND GHOSTS ARE MADE OF SOLID SKELETONS OR CLOUD-LIKE ETHER. NO... SOMETIMES A SPIRIT COMES BACK IN EVEN MORE HORRID FORM, AND EVEN THE BOLDEST KILLER WOULD SHRINK IN TERROR WHEN HE WRESTLES WITH A WRAITH LIKE...

"THE PAPER GHOST"



ALONE IN A NORTHERN PAPER MILL, HALF OWNER JACK BANTON SNEAKS UP BEHIND HIS PARTNER, JOE RUSSELL...

THE BOILING ACIDS REACH FOR JOE RUSSELL'S BODY...



WITHIN SECONDS FLESH AND BONE DISSOLVE
INTO THE LIQUID ACID OF THE VAT!

NO ONE KNOWS I
HATED YOU...AND I'LL
ACT SO INNOCENT
IF THE POLICE QUESTION
ME...

HE WAS SUPPOSED TO GO
ON A THREE-MONTH TRIP...
AND *BY* THAT TIME I'LL BE
RICH AND FAR AWAY!

FROM OVER THE EDGE OF THE DEATH-KETTLE...A STRANGE
THING GLAWS THE AIR AROUND JACK BANTON!

WHAT A LAUGH...HE
THOUGHT HE COULD COME
BACK / HA-HA-!

WAAAAA!
MAYBE THE VAT
IS BOILING OVER /
THAT *CAN'T* BE A
HAND

FOR HALF A MILE, JACK RUNS THROUGH THE WOODS...DRIVEN BY TERROR!

WHAT'S THE MATTER,
MR. BANTON?
YOU MEET A
BEAR?

OH...YES...YES...A
BEAR...THAT'S WHY
I RAN...

JUST MY
IMAGINATION...
THAT
COULDN'T
HAVE BEEN A
HAND...

MR. RUSSELL TOOK THE TRAIN INTO TOWN, DIDN'T HE? FOR HIS VACATION.

YES, JOE RUSSELL'S ON A LONG VACATION. HE WORKED HARD TO DESERVE IT.

A PERFECT ALIBI AND I'LL STAY AWAY FROM THAT VAT...

AFTER THREE DAYS, THE COOL AND ALMOST-SOLID PULP IS GROUND BETWEEN HUGE ROLLERS AND MILES OF PAPER ARE MADE.

THAT'S THE LAST OF JOE RUSSELL...HE CAN'T REACH ME NOW!

SORT OF INTERESTING THEY'LL MAKE HUNDREDS OF PRODUCTS FROM THIS PAPER...

SUDDENLY...AN INHUMAN SCREAM COMES FROM THE ROLLERS AS THEY JAM.

WHAT'S THAT?

MISSING LIKE A LIVE THING, THE PAPER SHAPES INTO...JOE RUSSELL'S GHOST!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT...I DON'T.

STOP THE ROLLERS / THE PAPER'S STUCK! THE SWITCH, MAN—!

THANKS... YOU SAVED ME!

JACK RUNS FOR HIS LIFE...THE ROLLERS STOP THE PAPER COLLAPSES...

QUEEREST THING I EVER SAW HAPPEN TO A PILE OF PAPER! IT LOOKED LIKE...

FORGET YOUR IMAGINATION! LET'S GET TO WORK...IT'S ONLY PAPER!

IN THE NEXT THREE WEEKS...JACK KEEPS SEEING HANDS AND SKULLS THAT REACH FOR HIM.

THEY AREN'T REAL. I MUST BE GOING MAD! GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE...

JACK
SACRIFICES
THE MILL
TO
THE FIRST
BUYER...

I'LL TAKE *ANY* DEPOSIT /
YOU CAN SEND ME THE
REST WHEN MY PARTNER...
NO / I'LL WRITE YOU FROM
THE CITY...

SOMETHING'S HAUNTING
THIS MAN... OR HE'S
CRAZY. BUT THE MILL
IS A BARGAIN...

HIS MONEY ALMOST GONE...
AFTER THREE WEEKS IN THE CITY
JACK BANTON PICKS UP A PAPER
TO TRY TO FIND A JOB...

I CAN'T SLEEP, CAN'T
EAT. I'LL TAKE A JOB
WITH HEAVY WORK...
MAYBE I'LL GET
TIRED AND REST.
ALL I DREAM ABOUT
ARE THOSE
PAPER HANDS...



AS JACK READS, TWO LONG,
THIN HANDS SEEM TO RISE
FROM THE PAPER'S PAGES...

MAYBE IF I CAN FIND
A JOB... I WON'T GO
CRAZY / I ALWAYS
IMAGINE I SEE...
HANDS!



AIEEE...

HE'S AFTER
ME!

THE WIND
IS ALMOST
BLOWING
THAT POOR
DERELICT
OVER...

COURAGE, MAN /
THAT NEWSPAPER
ALMOST TOOK YOUR
BREATH AWAY,
EH? IT'S WINDY,
TODAY.

YES... JUST
THE WIND,
JUST A
NEWSPAPER.
THANK
YOU.



HERE... GET
YOURSELF
SOME FOOD AND
SOME SLEEP.
YOU LOOK LIKE
YOU NEED
BOTH /

IF MY BRAIN
DOESN'T STOP SEE-
ING THINGS
I'LL GO
INSANE /



AT THE HOTEL...

GET SOME SLEEP
IN THIS NICE ROOM.
JUST HAD IT FRESH-
LY DECORATED.

I'VE GOT
TO FORGET
PAPER
GHOSTS.
GOT TO...



THAT NIGHT, AS JACK SLEEPS, ONE WALL OF THE NEWLY-PAPERED ROOM STARTS TO TREMBLE...



I'M DREAMING IT AGAIN... OR AM I AWAKE?



AT AN ALL-NIGHT CAFETERIA...



NUTTY AS A SQUIRREL'S NEST...
HE JUST KEPT MOANING ABOUT
HIS PARTNER'S PAPER
HAND /

I'M GOING TO
THE POLICE
I'LL CONFESS...

AT A NEARBY POLICE STATION...
THE DESK SERGEANT CAN'T
UNDERSTAND JACK'S BABBLED
STORY OF TERROR...

PAPER HANDS...
PAPER BODIES...
PAPER SKULLS!!
YOU'VE GOT TO
SAVE ME!

I'LL LOCK
THIS DRUNK UP
FOR THE NIGHT...
THE POOR
STIFF.

TURNKEY /
GIVE HIM CELL
NO. 3 /

LED AWAY AND LOCKED UP, JACK
GETS ONE FINAL "FAVOR"...

HERE / READ
THIS IF YOU
CAN'T SLEEP!

NO!!
—NOT A
NEWSPAPER...

UNSEEN BY THE POLICE... A
TERRIBLE "PAPER" TRAGEDY TAKES
PLACE...

AGGHH!
AHHHH.

THAT DRUNK
SOUNDS LIKE
HE'S GOT A BAD
COLD / MAYBE I'D
BETTER HELP...

WITHIN THE CELL... ALL
IS SUDDENLY QUIET!

GUESS HE FELL ASLEEP...
WE'LL GET HIS CRAZY
STORY STRAIGHT IN THE
MORNING.

BUT IN THE MORNING, THE COLD AND LIFE-
LESS BODY OF JACK BANTON HOLDS WITHIN
ITS BRAIN AND TONGUE A MYSTERY
THAT SHALL NEVER BE
SOLVED....

HE WOUND THE
NEWSPAPER AROUND
HIS THROAT... A
SUICIDE, I GUESS.
BUT HOW...?

I WONDER...
LAST NIGHT HE
BABBLED ABOUT
A PAPER GHOST.
I WONDER...

THE END

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LIFE AFTER DEATH?

THE riddle of life's persistence after apparent death has been a topic of interest to science for centuries. It was only recently that a famed New York physician published his findings on death's schedule, wherein he demonstrated that the human brain can be considered dead only after it has been deprived of its circulation of blood for eight to twelve minutes.

In this connection, an interesting book was written several years ago by a French author named Cordette, who devoted himself to the possibilities of life remaining in a human head after execution upon the guillotine.

It was Cordette's conclusion that a formidable array of facts proved intense agony was experienced in both head and body by the victim of the beheading machine, and that death on the guillotine, rather than being the easiest known, was by far the most painful. The agony endured long after the actual decapitation took place, according to this French writer's theory.

Pursuing the gruesome topic, Cordette brought to light some very curious facts. He related that a certain professor of physiology exposed two severed human heads to a strong light more than a quarter of an hour after the guillotining. Exposed to the glare, the eyelids suddenly closed—as if the eyes themselves were in pain.

Moreover, in each instance the protruding tongue, when pricked by a sharp barb, was drawn back into the mouth and the features themselves were contorted by an obvious expression of hurt.

The head of a notorious criminal named

Tiller was submitted to scientific examination shortly after it was severed from the body; and the claim is made that Tiller's eyes turned in every direction from which his name was called!

M. Fontenelle, another French savant, declared publicly that he had often seen the heads of guillotined persons move their lips as if muttering protest against cruel treatment. If this is true, there is good reason to believe a story long current in France to the effect that during the Revolution, when Charlotte Corday was guillotined, her executioner struck her a blow on the face after the decapitation—whereupon her countenance registered violent indignation and the lips formed an oath.

In the book written by Cordette it was stated that some galvanic experiments were conducted upon the body of a guillotined criminal who had, in life, been a habitual user of snuff. On receiving the first galvanic shock, the headless trunk joined its thumb and forefinger and deliberately raised the right arm as if in the customary act of taking a pinch of snuff—and seemed much perplexed at finding no nose to receive the powdered tobacco!

Prize tale of all is the one about Sir Everard Digby who was beheaded in 1606. After the head was struck clean of the body by an axe blow, the executioner used his blade to open his victim's chest and remove the heart, which he held up before the onlookers with the remark: "This is the heart of a traitor."

Thereupon, according to the story, the head—which was resting on the scaffold flooring—showed indignation and opened its mouth to exclaim audibly: "That is a lie!"

THE PHANTOM of the MOOR

BEFORE the reclamation of a large part of the English moors, they were popularly held to be ghost-ridden. One of the more celebrated stories concerns the experience that befell James Taylor, a small shopkeeper.

Business had kept Taylor at work later than usual this particular evening. To save some time, he decided to take a short cut running through a desolate moor. If he hadn't been in a hurry, he'd not have done it. The path was considered by the villagers to be too dangerous after dark.

Passing a brick-kiln, Taylor observed the figure of a rough, sinister-looking man crouching in the shadow of a gateway. Proceeding a few yards, Taylor saw that the man was following him in a manner which could only be described as suspicious, for, disregarding the path, the trailer was dodging stealthily along the heath, from bush to bush, keeping a few yards to Taylor's right.

Convinced that the man was a footpad, Taylor grasped his stick firmly and hurried forward. He approached a small bridge crossing a canal. This, Taylor thought to himself, would be the spot chosen for the attack.

Certain of the correctness of his idea, Taylor halted suddenly and looked back. The footpad had disappeared! Startled, Taylor gazed sharply around in all directions when suddenly there came over him a strange sense of chilliness. A tingling, "pins-and-needles" type of feeling spread over his body, and his teeth chattered.

Taylor's attention now became attracted by a bush some twenty yards to his left behind which there appeared to be a quivering, cloudlike, transparent mist. Gradually this elongated until it assumed the shape of a diaphanous pillar. Trans-

fixed to the spot, Taylor grew colder and colder. Every muscle of his body set hard and rigid. In every limb the tingling sensation was intensified.

More and more definite grew the long cloud until it had assumed the shape of a "transparent" human figure, and had materialized completely into the form of the man who had been following him!

In its hand the figure held a scarf. Suddenly, it commenced walking forward until it was abreast of Taylor. As though compelled by some occult means, Taylor walked alongside the figure for perhaps a hundred yards. There the figure halted, gazed earnestly into the branches of a poplar tree, grew misty again and disappeared. A moment later a loud splash was heard from the nearby canal.

The sound seemed to recall Taylor to his senses and he started homeward once more. A feeling of intense weariness had come upon him, and Taylor found himself muttering, "It was a ghost! A ghost!"

Some days afterward, Taylor discovered records of an inquest which had been held a few years previously on the body of a tramp found dead near the canal bridge. Evidence went on to show that the tramp had been observed by the brickyard watchman to leave the kiln fire at his approach and strike across the moor, winding his way in and out between the bushes until lost to sight. Two hours later, a man and woman proceeding in that direction were horrified to find the body of a man hanging by a "scarf" from the branch of a poplar tree. The man cut down the corpse and handed the knife to his woman companion who threw it into the canal.

Had Taylor seen that tramp? The authorities didn't know, nor did Taylor, and they never did find out.



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BORROWED BLOOD



ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY OF RIVERVALE STANDS **MERCY HOSPITAL**, WHERE BRILLIANT YOUNG **DR. JOHN RAWSON** IS MAKING A NAME FOR HIMSELF IN HIS SERVICE TO HUMANITY. SOON, HE HOPES TO MARRY **NURSE MYRA BRANT** AND SET UP HIS OWN PRACTICE. BUT FATE INTERVENES WHEN A TRIBE OF WANDERING GYPSIES PITCHES CAMP IN AN OPEN FIELD ACROSS FROM THE HOSPITAL ...

A SWARTHY MAN ENTERS, BEARING THE INERT FORM OF A BOY IN HIS ARMS ...

MY SON - HE VERY SICK! CALL DR. RAWSON -
YOU DO SOMETHING!



A SHORT WHILE LATER ...

THIS BOY NEEDS A TRANSFUSION AT ONCE. HIS BLOOD IS TYPE 4 AND I AM THE ONLY ONE HERE WITH THAT TYPE. I'LL DONATE THE BLOOD MYSELF.

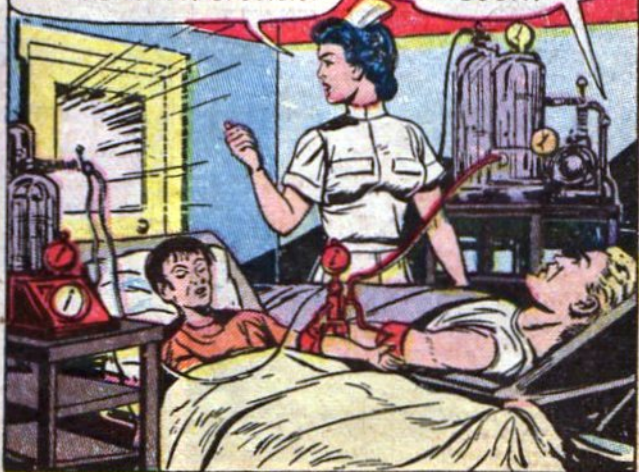
OKAY, DOCTOR RAWSON.



AS RAWSON'S BLOOD FLOWS INTO THE SICK BOY'S VEINS, NURSE MYRA BRANT IS PERTURBED ...

THE GYPSY IS CREATING A COMMOTION OUTSIDE. DOCTOR. HE OBJECTS TO THE BOY GETTING A TRANSFUSION.

DON'T MIND THAT. HIS BOY WILL BE BETTER, PRETTY SOON.



LOUD HOWLING AND WAILING OUTSIDE THE HOSPITAL DRAWS MYRA TO THE WINDOW...



DESPITE ALL AID, THE GYPSY BOY DIES...

I - I'M SORRY, BUT THE BOY IS DEAD.

YOU DID ALL YOU COULD, DOCTOR... BUT THOSE GYPSIES GIVE ME THE CREEPS!



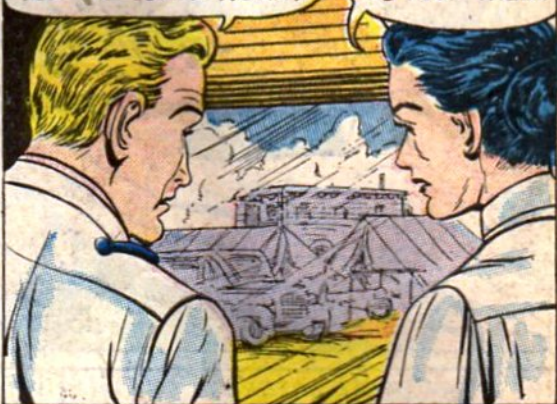
THE GYPSY FATHER GATHERS HIS SON'S BODY UP IN HIS ARMS AND TURNS TO DR. RAWSON. HIS BALEFUL, PIERCING EYES AND POINTED FINGER HURL A SILENT, BITTER CURSE...



A WEEK LATER, THE DOCTOR IS WORRIED...

THOSE GYPSIES ARE STILL THERE, MYRA. THEY'VE CURSED ME... I KNOW IT... AND THEY ARE STAYING AROUND TO SEE THE CURSE WORK.

OH, NO, JOHN. IT'S JUST YOUR NERVES. YOU ONLY TRIED TO HELP THEM.



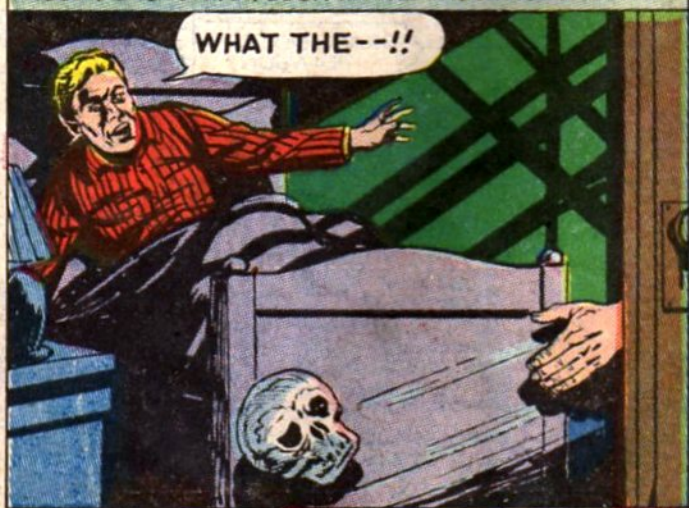
THAT NIGHT, HAGGARD AND WEARY, DR. RAWSON DOZES FITFULLY. THEN A CREAK AT HIS DOOR WAKES HIM...

WHAT'S THAT?



HIS SKIN CRAWLS AS HE SEES A GRUESOME OBJECT ROLL ACROSS HIS FLOOR IN THE MOONLIGHT...

WHAT THE--!!



A SKULL--A BOY'S SKULL ...!
IT'S THE GYPSY BOY'S SKULL TO
REMINDE ME OF THE CURSE !!



WHOEVER BROUGHT IT
MUST HAVE GONE DOWN
THE FIRE ESCAPE --



THE NEXT DAY, A GYPSY CRONE
IS ADMITTED TO THE HOSPITAL...

SHE'S VERY
WEAK --

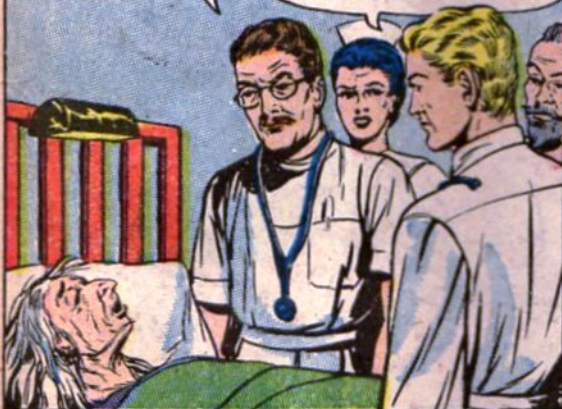
SEE WHAT
DR. RAWSON
SAYS --



THE STAFF CONSULTS WITH DR. RAWSON ...

SIMILAR CONDITION
TO THAT GYPSY
BOY'S --

--AND TYPE 4 BLOOD
IS NEEDED. THAT
MEANS I'LL GIVE THE
TRANSFUSION AGAIN.



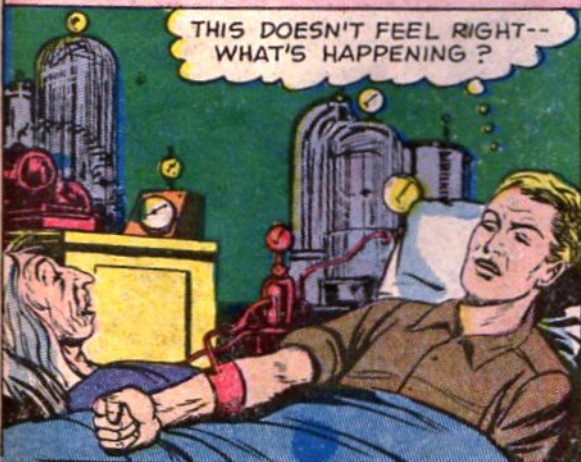
OH, NO, JOHN -- **NO!**
DON'T DO IT! THEY
CURSED YOU BEFORE.
THEY'LL MAKE
TROUBLE!

I MUST, MYRA. THE
PHYSICIAN'S HYPOCRATIC
OATH BINDS HIM TO
HELP ALL IN DISTRESS
WITHOUT REGARD FOR
HIMSELF.



BOUND BY HIS SENSE OF DUTY, DR. RAWSON
DONATES HIS BLOOD TO THE ANCIENT HAG.
AS THE TRANSFUSION PROGRESSES, HE
SENSES SOMETHING STRANGE ...

THIS DOESN'T FEEL RIGHT--
WHAT'S HAPPENING?



WHY-WHY-- HER BLOOD IS FLOWING
INTO ME! SHE'S GIVING ME THE
TRANSFUSION !!



AFTERWARD, A TRIUMPHANT
LOOK SPREADS ACROSS THE
OLD CRONE'S FACE...

SHE'S MUCH
BETTER,
DOCTOR.

I DON'T KNOW -
I DON'T KNOW
WHAT
HAPPENED!



LATER, IN RAWSON'S OFFICE...

WHAT'S COME OVER
YOU, JOHN? YOU-
YOU DON'T LOOK
LIKE YOURSELF.

LEAVE
ME
ALONE,
MYRA!



HE PACES THE FLOOR RESTLESSLY
WHEN SUDDENLY A SHRILL CALL
COMES FROM THE CORRIDOR...

DR. RAWSON!
DR. RAWSON!!



THE GYPSY WOMAN HAS GONE!
DISAPPEARED FROM HER BED -
FROM THE BUILDING!

I HAD A
FEELING
SHE WOULD.
IT'S ALL PART
OF THEIR
PLAN!



I KNEW IT! THE GYPSIES HAVE BROKEN CAMP.
THEY'RE ALL GONE! BUT THIS IS NOT THE
END - IT'S JUST THE BEGINNING!



THAT NIGHT, MYRA TRIES TO
RESTRAIN DR. RAWSON AS
HE PUTS ON HIS COAT...

JOHN! YOU CAN'T GO
OUT NOW - YOU'RE
THE ONLY DOCTOR
ON DUTY!

GET
AWAY
FROM
ME!



THRUSTING THE GIRL FROM HIM,
RAWSON LEAVES THE HOSPITAL...



DULLY STEADILY, HE PLODS
ALONG COUNTRY ROADS IN
THE DRIVING RAIN...

THEY CALL -- I CANNOT HELP
MYSELF -- I MUST GO --



IN RESPONSE TO THE IMPLACABLE COMMAND, HE REACHES THE GYPSIES DEEP IN THE FOREST...

MY FEET-MY MIND...ARE NOT MY OWN ANY MORE. I MUST OBEY-I MUST OBEY!



I HAVE COME.

WE WERE WAITING FOR YOU.



WE GAVE YOU ROMANY BLOOD SO THAT YOU WOULD HAVE TO ANSWER OUR CALL-OUR CALL FOR VENGEANCE.

BUT I HAVE DONE NO HARM. I ONLY TRIED TO -



THAT BOY WAS MY ONLY SON, THE HEIR TO MY KINGDOM. YOU POISONED HIS BLOOD AND MADE HIM DIE. TAINTED GYPSY BLOOD ALWAYS MEANS DEATH. YOU SHALL ATONE!

NO! NO!!



THE MEN DRAG THE PROTESTING DOCTOR BENEATH A GIGANTIC OAK TREE...

THE OAK IS OUR PLACE OF EXECUTION SINCE ANCIENT DAYS.

LET ME GO!!



YOU HAVE SOME OF OUR GYPSY BLOOD IN YOUR BODY, BUT YOU CANNOT KEEP IT. WE ARE GOING TO TAKE IT BACK!

YOU ARE MAD! YOU CANNOT SEPARATE -



WE WILL NOT SEPARATE IT.
WE INTEND TO TAKE IT ALL!



AS DAWN APPROACHES, THE GYPSY BAND SILENTLY
SLIPS AWAY INTO THE ENVELOPING SHADOWS...



MONTHS LATER, TWO HUNTERS MAKE A
GRISLY DISCOVERY BENEATH A TREE...

HEY, JIM -
LOOK!

CRIPES!
A SKELETON!
LOOK AT THAT
THING AROUND ITS
NECK - LOOKS LIKE
A DOCTOR'S
STETHOSCOPE -



THE
END



MEDICAL TABLET DISCOVERY!

SAFE, NEW,
EASY WAY!



STOPS "BED WETTING"

Without Electrical Devices...
Rubber Sheets... Alarms...

Ends Shame, Discomfort, Inconvenience
Almost Miraculously!

SIMPLE SAFE TABLET DOES IT

DRY-TABS is the same safe medical discovery that is prescribed by many doctors. Now, it is available for the first time without prescription to all the victims of BED-WETTING who long to rid themselves of this distressing habit once and for all. DRY-TABS is safe, not habit forming, contains no harmful drugs—Follow simple directions.

"DRY-TAB THERAPY" Eventually Allows BED-WETTING Victims to Function Normally Without Further Medication

DRY-TABS, in most cases, does not offer merely temporary stopping of BED-WETTING. In case after case, as revealed in clinical tests conducted in hospitals by medical scientists, the DRY-TABS formula proved itself to be a tablet that gives direct support to the patient in controlling his BED-WETTING. The benefits of the DRY-TABS formula may be expected to be effective beyond the period when it is taken regularly. It helps the BED-WETTING victim to retrain, tends to increase strength of sphincter and detrusor muscles controlling urination. Many cases have discontinued the use of DRY-TABS after a short time and found they were functioning normally. So BED-WETTING victims do not have to be slaves to any kind of medication if their case is of the type that responds to the re-training power of DRY-TABS. This is probably one of the greatest advancements ever made in BED-WETTING therapy. Yes, once DRY-TABS stops BED-WETTING, its use may no longer be required, normal functioning and control may be developed almost miraculously. So don't hesitate a minute longer. Order DRY-TABS Today!

DRY-TABS Amazing Formula Effective in 75% of Cases



CASE NO. 1. Healthy, intelligent boy, 9 years old. BED-WETTING since infancy. Child could not break habit. All other medication failed. DRY-TABS formula taken for two three-week periods. Child has remained well for the past three years.



CASE NO. 2. Normal boy, history of BED-WETTING since infancy. Child had no organic defect. Various cures failed. Put on DRY-TABS formula regime. After a month, habit suddenly stopped.



CASE NO. 3. Male, aged 23 years. BED-WETTING since birth. Many years of treatment failed. Unable to accept invitation to sleep out over-night. Recently married, and embarrassed by habit. After formula taken, wet bed the first two nights but never since that time.



CASE NO. 4. Girl, aged 6 years. Wet bed since infancy. Nervous, irritable. DRY-TABS formula administered for regular period. BED-WETTING stopped almost immediately. Slight relapse. Formula administered again. Child responded immediately once more, and history reveals no further relapse.



CASE NO. 5. Man, 42 years old, wet "heavily." Medication started. Wet during second week and continued to wet when medication was withdrawn for following week. Restarted after rest period, and after five-day treatment seemed to retain control of bladder function.



CASE NO. 6. Woman, 76 years old. DRY-TABS formula administered for 6 days. Improvement, upon withdrawal of medication, improvement remained. Continued gradual return of control. One year without formula and control is adequate.

WHY endure the needless shame, embarrassment, humiliation... the discomfort and distress of this unfortunate habit? Why put up with the daily nuisance of changing and washing bed linen and clothes? Why suffer the mortification of foul smelling bedrooms... the expense of ruined furniture... the danger of catching cold and infectious rashes?

Doctors agree that BED-WETTING can cause nervousness, stuttering and emotional disturbances in children, very often seriously affecting their future and character, making them "psychological cripples."

But now the disgrace and danger of BED-WETTING can very easily be a thing of the past with amazing new DRY-TABS. At last, medical science has discovered a safe, new, easy way to stop BED-WETTING without electrical devices... without rubber sheets, alarms or special diets and without interrupting needed sleep. DRY-TABS, in easy-to-take tablet form, does away with BED-WETTING as painlessly, easily and simply as swallowing an aspirin. Yes, almost miraculously, amazing, safe DRY-TABS, used as directed, help stop functional BED-WETTING... relieve tension and strain, often the underlying cause in most cases of this unfortunate habit. Now, for the first time, safe DRY-TABS can be obtained without prescription.

DEVELOPED AFTER YEARS OF EXTENSIVE HOSPITAL AND CLINICAL RESEARCH AS REVEALED IN MEDICAL LITERATURE

The discoveries of science, many times, are brought about by indirect means. Take the case of the exclusive DRY-TABS formula. Medical practitioners chanced upon this formula while they were investigating a remedy for another illness. Noting the remarkable effect that this formula had upon BED-WETTING they concentrated their efforts on this new data and developed the formula to its present state of perfection. The result is the new DRY-TABS, a remarkable tablet that has brought new hope to thousands of tormented victims of BED-WETTING. Before this formula was released to the public, it was tested in clinics and hospitals by medical scientists on controlled groups of patients. The DRY-TABS formula is the result of thorough medical research, the same kind of research and care that is given to any product that is to be placed in the hands of the public. Chalk up BED-WETTING as one more ailment that has been conquered by the men of science. Think of it, no expensive electrical devices, cumbersome rubber sheets, special diets or mechanical alarms. Just a wonderful new tablet... DRY-TABS... product of medical research... offering the hope of a new future for all these sufferers of BED-WETTING. Be sure to order DRY-TABS today!

ADULTS: START LIVING A NORMAL LIFE TONIGHT!

Scientific tests actually prove DRY-TABS to be 75% effective in stopping this unfortunate habit—even after years of torment! Ends the constant worry of overnight hotel stops and fear of public embarrassment while napping on trains and buses. Don't wait another day. If your loved ones suffer the humiliation, the disgrace, insecurity and helplessness only BED-WETTING can cause, order DRY-TABS NOW! Easy to take, can be dissolved in water if necessary. Just follow simple directions.

MAKE THIS HOME TEST: Here is your guarantee of satisfaction. Try DRY-TABS for the prescribed period. If you are not completely overjoyed with DRY-TABS' amazing ability to help stop BED-WETTING, your purchase price will be refunded. Accept this no-risk offer. Order DRY-TABS now!

SEND NO MONEY: Just name and address for generous 3-week supply. On arrival pay postman only \$3.00 per package plus C.O.D. charges on guarantee of complete satisfaction or money back.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

GARY PHARMACAL CO., Dept. 800
7508 Soginow Avenue, Chicago 49, Illinois

Please send me 3-week supply of DRY-TABS on guarantee BED-WETTING must be stopped or money back.

- ☐ Send C.O.D., I will pay postman \$3.00 per package plus postage.
- ☐ Cash enclosed, we pay all postage.
- ☐ Send 2 packages (6-week supply) for \$5.50.

Name John P. Galt
 Address 1111 N. 1st St.
 City Chicago Zone Int. State Ill.

GET PRIZES....MAKE MONEY!

That's right, I want to give you your choice of a walkie talkie, an archery set or the wonderful new golden trumpet, any of the 70 BIG PRIZES in my 20-page catalog. Many of these prizes are given for selling just one order of 24 packs of Christmas Cards at 25c a pack.



NEW, GOLDEN TRUMPET. GIVEN FOR SELLING ONE ORDER.

"Uncle" Harry Bard, the man who has been helping boys and girls earn prizes and extra cash for 35 years.



JEAN, SEE THIS AD OF THE AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO. IT'S AN EASY WAY TO GET THAT CAMERA I WANT

LET'S SEND THE COUPON TODAY, I KNOW LOTS OF PEOPLE WHO WANT CHRISTMAS CARDS

WHY, BOBBY, THEY ARE BEAUTIFUL. YEAH, I'LL BUY SIX PACKS

IT WAS FUN AND EASY TO SELL OUR CARDS AND HERE'S THE MAILMAN WITH OUR PRIZES

THIS IS A NEAT CAMERA WHY DON'T YOU FELLOWS SEND THE COUPON TO-DAY- YOU CAN CHOOSE FROM 70 SWEET PRIZES!

BE FIRST IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD

It's easy to sell these pretty Christmas Packs to your family, friends and neighbors. Each Pack contains 4 Christmas Cards, 4 envelopes and 32 sparkling Christmas Seals—40 pieces for 25c—a big value. When sold, send us the money and choose your prize from the Big Prize Book. Or, keep \$2.00 in cash for each 24-pack order you sell.

Thousands of smart boys and girls have been earning prizes this way for 35 years. You can, too! Paste coupon on postcard or mail in envelope. **SEND NO MONEY, I TRUST YOU.**



American Specialty Co., Dept. 201 Lancaster, Pa.

MAIL THIS COUPON Today

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 201 Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Please send me your LIT. PRIZE BOOK and one order of 24 Christmas Packs. I will mail them at 25c each, send you the money, and choose my prize.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

I'll Give You a Watch, Air Rifle, Uke, Camera or Any of My 70 BIG PRIZES

Just for Selling Christmas Cards to your Family, Friends and Neighbors

Professional type junior, Archery Set



Famous Ben Pearson probe arrows, outfit includes 3-inch, independently fitted target-disc, 4 featured arrows, detailed instructions. Sell one order plus 30c.

DICK TRACY CAMERA



A great camera, telephoto light, comes complete, with carrying case. Sell one order.

BOYS GIRLS WRIST WATCHES



Gold-plated bracelet watch for girls, sell one order plus \$2.25. Modern fashion D watch for boys. Sell one order plus \$1.25.

"JET SWISHER" A READY-TO-FLY JET AIRPLANE



Attach wings, light, fuel and away it goes with 500 ft. high. Comes with engine and jet fuel. Sell one order.

ELECTRONIC WALKIE TALKIE



Demonstrate complete 2-way talking system, 2 hand-held, 20 batteries included. Sell one order.

HEY FELLOWS! DAISY'S RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE



A fast-shooting, 800 shot Air Rifle. Sell one order plus \$1.50.



FULL SIZE ARTHUR GOBERT'S FAMOUS "PUSH-BUTTON" guitar, 6-string, 12 fret, without case. Sell one order.



GIRLS' OR LADIES' SHOULDER STRAP BAG For girls and ladies. Available in red, green, navy blue or brown. Sell one order.



JUNIOR SPORTS KIT A complete kit for younger boys or girls. Includes baseball, 21" bat, baseball, All for selling one order.

MAIL THIS COUPON...SELL XMAS CARDS AND EARN PRIZES LIKE THESE